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THE TALVAR

Ghazion men bu rahegi jab talak iman ki.
Tab to London tak chalegi tegh Hindusthan ki.
EMPEROR BAHADUR SHAH.

AN ORGAN OF INDIAN INDEPENDENCE

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AN APPEAL: As the enemy has prohibited the circulation of this paper in Hindusthan, every reader is earnestly requested to help in its circulation as much as he possibly can. All remittances and communications to be sent to Madame B. R. CAMA, Poste Restante, Bureau de Poste, Rue Montaigne, PARIS, who has kindly consented to receive orders and payments on our behalf.

FALSE ECONOMY.

The Cry for Economy.

When events that are destined to upset the existing order of things march crowding upon each other in the twinkling of an eye and empires that took centuries for their making are rushing headlong to their dissolution, when the history of an age is made and unmade in a day and births momentous are ushered into the world at the sight of which the earth quakes and the heavens are disturbed, it is a sad thing to find that there should be some, even in the Nationalist camp, who cry piteously that we are throwing away the lives of so many of our glorious martyrs with no adequate return of advantage to the Nation's cause, and that therefore we should not waste our strength in unproductive martyrdom but try to economise our resources by securing the highest value for our every sacrifice. Such men seem to think that they can higgle with Providence as they can do in a village market and get the price of the liberty of the nation reduced. They think as if the course of History can be diverted for their sakes. It was true, they seem to imagine, that in the past and in the history of other nations the struggle and the price of liberty were invariably stupendous; but our case is different; in our case the great Dispenser of the Universe will be lenient and will make an exception. And thus it is that we find men that ought to lead us forward to sacrifice after sacrifice on the road to Liberty giving us counsels of caution and slow work and steady progress, and acting as a drag on the activities of the high-spirited, generous-hearted youth of Hindusthan.

The New Spirit and Its Demands.

But these men are blind to the all-important truth that historical events do not happen at random but in strict obedience to the laws of the universe as well as of the internal nature of man. That is the reason why the Revolutionary movement that is marching on with the strides of a giant has staggered them, although they were among the first apostles of the New Faith and had done much consciously or unconsciously to bring about its existence. They wanted to preach the Gospel but now wish to avoid the crown of thorns. They wanted for their nation the glory of a resurrection but want to escape the indispensable pre-condition of crucifixion. But once the wheel was set in motion by laws in the working of which they were but unconscious instruments, the chariot has begun to roll forth and neither their tremblings nor their vanity can change the appointed course by so much as an inch. The Spirit, the Kali they so unconsciously but devoutly invoked has at last appeared in all her terrific grandeur and will not be bound by any other will but Her own till She has trampled over the living and the dead, the born and the unborn, and fulfilled Her mission. The Devas invoked Nrisimha—the Man-lion—to deliver them from their foes. But when the pillar burst and the seas began to boil and the mountain-peaks were swept off from their places, the terrified Devas, with sunken hearts and quivering hands and tearful eyes prayed, "Be calm, be mild, O Terrible Deliverer." But no calm, no peace, till Hiranya is down and his bowels are torn off! No reduction of price, no cheap cost!

The Futility of Calculation — the Mightiness of Sacrifice.

In fact, what is the true economy in such cases as the almost world-wide struggle for the liberation of Hindusthan — saving of life or sacrifice? If once our minds are purged of the fear and vanity that breed in them on account of their being centred in our petty selves, if once we realise that a nation's regeneration is possible only through the working of the Divine Law in the hands of which our individual selves are but instruments, the cry for economy, for slowness, for the line of least resistance, will appear to be nothing short of blasphemy. Economy in what? In the expenditure of the energies of the individual, or of the nation as a whole? If you are satisfied with economy in the former, then alone can you weigh the work of each individual and the suffering it entails upon that individual and try to balance the one with the other in each case. In the days of Congress politics it was very well to settle individual accounts, for you could see both the ends meet and a balance drawn—so many speeches on the platform, and so much profit in the end by attracting customers and clients, by the building up of a splendid practice in the law courts, by the increase in the number of subscribers to a paying newspaper, by a seat in the council or on the Bench of the High Court! Even after the days of the Congress trade were numbered and a dim vision was revealed to those who were like the one-eyed monsters among the blind, the days of the first onrush of Boycott and Swadeshi, you could compare the two sides of the account of each individual worker. So many speeches, so much honour, so much work, so much suffering. But that time too is past and the real struggle is begun. And how is it possible now to count the individual work and suf-

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fering, to compare the two and to see if the balance in each case is on the credit side and then declare the worker to be a model to be followed by others? Can this be the method by which the account of a nation's regeneration should be calculated and settled? Can you find one single worker if you introduce the seeds of this demoralising calculation in the hearts of our young men? Who can go and preach the ideal of liberty and independence, when, for the very first word one utters, one can be convicted for years of imprisonment? Who can go and work for the Mother's salvation when, if he becomes a Sanyasin, he is taken into custody, if he keeps a pistol he is sentenced to ten years, if he collects more than ten men he is bound for good behaviour, and if he works avoiding all breach of 'law' he is deported without trial? For, before he speaks one word or do a deed he will measure the consequences, and as they would appear so utterly disproportionate to the work his words or deeds would do, the calculating spirit, the hankering for cheap cost, the vanity that you had introduced into his heart about his capacity to change the laws of Nature and of the human mind, will crush him under their heel, and he will resign himself to the slavery that is around him, and refuse to work to bring about the revolution which after all might be a chimera—an impossibility! Then which is the true economy— saving or sacrifice? If the individuals have to see at each step that the work they do should not bring upon themselves more than proportionate suffering, then what hope is there for our cause? Who will march ahead to lead the people, for, before he does any appreciable work he might be shot down? Who will dare to attempt to win over the Sepoys, for, simply to approach the lines might bring him to the gallows? Then, we have to oppose the army and the navy, the Tyranny and the Treachery, the wealth and the organisation of a mighty empire! One thing alone we still have, one thing none can stop us from offering in our Mother's cause; one thing alone we can put forward as the irresistible and unconquerable weapon which neither the power nor the wealth of the enemy can buy or kill. If the enemy is mighty in his artillery andtreasure, we are mighter in the sacrifice of ourselves! Sacrifice that defies death, sacrifice to which defeat only adds new strength and new vigour! Sacrifice, that hurls to the winds your considerations of individual account of profit and loss, of additions and subtractions and rushes forward joyously, braving the very loss you grieve! Sacrifice that refuses to believe in the possibility of loss in the Providential mission it is called upon to fulfil! Loss in what? Every drop of blood that is shed now, seemingly uselessly, will fructify in the years to come. Ye lacking in faith, who are like the silly peasant who sows one seed and will take it out the next moment as it neither grows into a harvest nor serves him for his hunger! The seeds are not to be counted either one by one or by their growth in a single day. For the time being, no consideration of saving, no consideration of economy is possible. You cannot rouse a nation to its utmost capacity by individual accounts, by your arithmetic and algebra, by loss and gain. You can rouse only by sacrifice. Self-forgetting, God-believing, unstinted sacrifice alone can regenerate a nation and can uplift a people from the mire of dependence. Give sacrifice, and the cannon of the enemy is powerless, for, to be blown by it becomes a reward and not a punishment! The gallows are helpless, for, to stand upon it and witness the truth with the testimony of blood is the passion of the heart. Then your officers and your laws, your ukases and your chains, are but playthings to us. The more sullen grows your frown, the sweeter grows our joy, as that brings us nearer the heaven we seek, — the sacrifice of ourselves in the cause of the Mother. We do not long to see the Mother free, we long more to see ourselves immolated in the struggle for that freedom. We are moths that have the flame — the flame that burns us — for our attraction and goal; for we love martyrdom more than we love victory. Therefore, you have not a weapen that can defeat us and deprive us of our joy. For, if you are killed in the struggle, we reap the joy of victory; if we are killed in the struggle, we reap the joy of martyrdom—dearer to us than the first!

The Cost of fifty years of Moderate Policy.

Which then is the true economy — saving of the individual or his sacrifice? Economy is for the cause, and not the cause for the economy! The true economy then cannot or ought not to be judged by individual saving — for, sacrifice is the only weapon we have with us to oppose the mighty enemy — but by calculating the nation's destiny as a whole. The loss and gain of a nation cannot be counted by a day; it must be counted by centuries past and centuries ahead. All the foolish croaking against the revolutionary propaganda in Hindusthan whether carried on by the hypocritical, selfish moderates, or the cowardly and silly passive resisters in the name of economy, in the name of the line of least resistance, the cheapest price, has been the real enemy of true economy. By trying to save, believing in the false notions of individual account, by clinging to life and denying soul to the nation — what have they not cost us? Who in the end truly conserve the energies of the nation — the revolutionists who insist on sacrifice or the passive resisters who insist on saving? You shudder at the name of war, for you say it increases the cost of liberty — but look at the results of your philosophy! After the glorious struggle of 1857 till to-day, you had in your hands the entire destiny of the nation. You had free scope to experiment your theories of economy, of evolution, of non-resistance, and of passive resistance. Do you know, nay do you care to know, what it has cost the nation as a whole, cost in money — but leave it aside, for you have confessed your sins in that respect, — in spirit — let that also go, for you know that too well — but in the loss of life which, you say, war involves more than peace? Says Sir Wm. Digby, himself an Englishman, "During the last 40 years, over 30 millions of people died of famines in India. Think of it that the mortality from famines in India for ten years from 1891 to 1900 is nineteen millions and that in all the wars in the world from 1793 to 1900 is five millions only." And we ask you, have you not proved yourselves that the famines are caused by the British occupation of India which the revolution aims to put an end to? Then which is more ruinous, the peace that cost 30 millions of people or a war, which, giving the widest possible margin, will not cost more than one million men? In the last eight years, according to the government statistics, Hindusthan has lost more than eight millions of people, through the plague, the mortality of 1905 alone rising to two millions! Supposing the war lasts in India to the incredible length of 8 years and every year we have to spend the most exaggerated number of one lakh of sepoys — even then the war would not cost more than eight lakhs, i. e. not even the victims that plague claims to itself in one year. The Russo-Japanese war did not cost more than a million, and the plague has cost us 8 millions and the famine 30 millions! Now we ask which is more economical — to rise in a manly fight and to put an end to the degradation and slavery and to lose a million in the name of self-sacrifice or to lose 46 millions in the name of moderatism and peaceful progress? Shall we do better by listening to the Mother's call and challenge our enemy on the battle-field, losing at the most one million, and root out this slavery and plague and famine altogether — or shall we do better to wait till your reformed councils begin to work, the arms acts are repealed, and the jury system is established, by rousing the British conscience, that you might avoid bloodshed, and might achieve peaceful evolution at the cheapest cost of 46 million souls more in the next 50 years! Which is more economical, which involves less bloodshed, — the warlike revolution or the peaceful evolution?

War, the only true Policy.

Nor can it be said by Fear, which, when it is forced to stand on its hind legs, puts on the cloak of philosophy, that it is the moral and spiritual economy which it meant in opposing revolution and war. War in a just cause, a Dharmayuddha, is the height of moral virtue. Valmiki and Ram, Vyasa and Shri Krishna, Arjuna and Vikram — such are the bards that have immortalised the glory of such a war! Who increase the moral vigour of a nation? The weaklings that die by millions a year or a Rani of Jhansi that dies once a century? Which is the spiritual wealth of a nation? Shri Ram who wages a war or Sir Pherozeshah who signs a petition and Honourable Gokhale who drafts it? It is a truism to say that a warrior with a sword in his hand and dying for the succes of a righteous ideal is more honest and more erect, more God-fearing and self-forgetting than a slave that creeps and cringes and crawls. Italy and America, Maharashtra and the Sikhs were more manly and moral, living in all the best attributes of life, after the war of independance and in virtue of

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it than before. Nay, if there is a chance for a nation, degenerated and sunk in the mire of slavery, to be uplifted to the hight of manhood, it is only through a death-dealing, life-ennobling war. Peace is good, but only when it is the peace of life. Otherwise, immensely worse are the horrors of peace than the horrors of war! Nay, such wars are almost always the correctives of the abuses of peace! Nations under slavery that are passing to the stillness of death never to revive again, can only be saved morally and spiritually when they throw themselves on the battle-field and purge their national crimes by passing through the gates of death!

THE GAGGING ACT.

The tyrant has passed a fresh act more completely gagging the press of Hindusthan. He has armed himself with every available weapon to prevent the production or circulation of any kind of literature that is calculated to instil ideas of liberty or love of the motherland among our people. No man can start a printing press or alter its location or management or edit a newspaper without depositing with the Government a prohibitive amount as security which is liable to be forfeited without any trial if the official in charge but thinks that sedition has been committed. The Post Office, whose character and honesty every respectable Government studies to keep above the slightest breath of suspicion, is by this act given full powers to open every letter or parcel which they suspect to contain matter of a seditious character. And the Police, whom the tyrant has, for his own nefarious purposes, made into the most corrupt in the world, are empowered to search any house where they suspect copies of a forbidden newspaper or pamphlet or book to be concealed or kept. It is now only a question of days when such journals as the Karmayogin and Rashtramat, Kesari and Kal, the India and the Suryodayam and the Amritabazaar Patrika will be suppressed by a stroke of the Bureaucratic pen. Verily we have got the best government we ever had in all our history!

Let us not forget in passing that this diabolical measure is the first Act to be passed by the "reformed" legislative council with its much paraded unoffical majority. The sooner the people knew how the Moderate office-seekers would behave and fare in the council the better it was for them. They now know that neither the mewlings of that disreputable creature who poses as patriot — Gopal Krishna Gokhale — nor the loud protestations of Bhupendranath. Bose are able to prevent the gag from being applied to their public voice. They now know that none of their most sacred liberties are safe so long as the tyrants remain in the land and so long as there are base men in the country willing to sell themselves and the people for a place and a pittance.

The liberty of the Press is suppressed. And the enemy thinks that he has secured a great triumph, that he has scored a great victory. If he thinks so, he is entirely mistaken. The fact is, he is unmistakably playing into the hands of the one Party which counts in Hindusthan to-day—the Party of Revolution, the Party of Young Hindusthan. As the hardening of Pharaoh's heart was a necessary pre-condition for the hastening of his day of destruction, so also is it necessary that Britain should be led to commit sin after sin and offence after offence in Hindusthan, so that in the fulness of time her cup of sin might be full and the Sword of Justice might fall on her without pity or compassion. We do not want, even if we can have it, a good English government in Hindusthan — nothing can be a greater calamity — it would perhaps be an era of death to the rising Hindusthanee nation. We can as well desire a tasty poison or a sweet-worded enemy. It is therefore good for the Cause of Liberty that the British government should be driven to measure after measure of blind repression and unmixed and bare-faced tyranny. Then alone will the indignation of Hindusthan rise to boiling point and a people re-awakened to their rights and liberties will march upon the tyrant and lay him low never to rise again.

Now that our presses are gagged and open public preaching forbidden by the enemy, in what way shall we approach the nation and teach them a sense of their liberties? One thing is clear, our party in Hindusthan should not waste its time and money and energies in editing newspapers or printing books or lower our Flag by writing false and colourless things in our papers. The time for writing will soon be over and the time for action will soon begin, and until then, we, the exiles that are compelled to live away from our beloved Motherland, shall take up and continue the work of writing. Month by month and week by week we shall be pouring into the country literature that will awaken our sleeping brethren and instil new vigour into their drooping hearts. The Talvar and the Bande Mataram, the Sociologist and Free Hindusthan and Maro Firinghiko will flash out their burning message across the waves and fill the hearts of young men with intense love of Independence and Liberty and hatred of the foreigner who is trampling on the fair form of our unhappy Motherland. The enemy cannot gag *our* mouths, the men at the Post Office are not foreigners but sons of our own Mother and would not sell their salvation and honour at the bidding of the tyrant, and the void created by the stoppage of newspapers in Hindusthan will be easily filled up.

There is, however, a greater task than the publishing of newspapers and books, than the delivering of public lectures and leading of Boycott processions. These do not touch the real spring of the nation, the real heart of our people. The heart of the nation is in the country. It is the villages that suffer most by the existence of the tyrant's rule; it is the poor villagers that die by the lakh in every famine; it is our country people that have scarcely one meal a day from year's end to year's end. Besides, again, it is in the village that the people are free from the degenerating "education" of England which has made men weak and cowardly and faithless; — our peasants are still possessed of the noble virtues of self-reliance, deep faith in the destiny of Hindusthan, and genuine contempt for the beef-eating, immoral, and unclean Firinghi. Even if we consider their numbers, they are 98 per-cent, of our population. So, go to the villages and preach to them the mission of Swaraj. Become *sannyasis* for the sake of our country. Renounce father, mother, wife and child for the sake of the greater Mother, and preach the religion of patriotism, the necessity of national *Mukti*! Become gipsies, become hawkers, become fakirs and Mullahs, become shop-keepers and ploughmen, and anyway approach them, live with them, and teach them the faith of Swarajya! Tell them about the glorious days of Shri Ram and Asoka, Rajaraja and Rajendra, Vikram and Shri Harsha, Sher Shah and Akbar, Krishna Ray and the great Baji — how happy the country was in those days and how they are starved and are kept ignorant under the hated rule of the Briton. Tell them that Dharma which is now under an eclipse all over the world can never come to itself until Hindusthan recovers Her freedom and shows to the world how to reconcile earthly prosperity with the most spotless virtue. Tell them that 300 millions of Heaven's children in a fair country like Hindusthan do want but freedom to be happy and prosperous, great and noble. And tell them that they have but to determine to have freedom at any cost, and not the most powerful weapons or the most efficient armies in the world are strong enough to oppose and keep them down!

Fear not the enemy, for you are working in a sacred Cause, and if the enemy finds you out and tortures or imprisons you, know that the Cause will be strengthened by your suffering — the martyrdom of one worker is worth more to the Cause than the mere preaching of ten. Create this holy passion for liberty and Swarajya wherever you go and a greater force will be created in the land than if all your journals and books and papers were allowed free in Hindusthan!

Haidar Ali Khan's appeal to the Princes, Nawabs, and Rajahs of Hindusthan.

We wish to draw the attention of our "educated" countrymen to the following patriotic appeal that was issued in 1781 by the great warrior Haidar Ali Khan to the Princes of Hindusthan. Those miserable wretches who look upon the British Government as a "divine dispensation" will, we trust, find in this appeal some food for reflection. It is only one of the many thousand documents that the tyrants have witheld from our countrymen in order that they may never understand the hideousness of the methods by which these "common enemies, robbers and disturbers of mankind" obtained ascendancy in Hindusthan and brought upon that fair and prosperous land all this grief and shame and desolation. Had our Princes only seen what HaidarAli so clearly foresaw, the history of our country might have been very different. But selfish and ignoble rulers like the Nizam of Haidarabad not only made no response to this appeal but actually joined the foreign scoundrels against Haidar. And this,

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in spite of the fact that they were both followers of the Prophet! But now at least, O Mahbub Ali Khan, you can rouse yourself from your apathy to redeem the treachery of your ancestors. Rise now and take your proper place in the National Movement to save yourself and your brother Princes from humiliation and ruin! The Abhinava Bharat has already addressed you in regard to your duty to the land to which you owe your elevation. Let the Princes and Nobles give the lead and we shall see to it that they shall not be touched by the tyrants who have already reduced them to a most contemptible position in the eyes of the world.

"The English nation, on account of their former good faith, were suffered to reside in different parts of this continent and permitted to carry on trade, commerce, and merchandise; also to protect the same they have been allowed to establish factories and erect towns and fortifications on our coasts; and have at different times been invited to assist the weaker powers of Hindusthan, in war, and to preserve the balance among the Emperors, Potentates and Nawabs in those extended dominions. And while their leaders remained tolerably humble and kept their plighted faith with any degree of honour' no grounds of jealousy sufficient to alarm our country appeared.

But our generosity in permitting all this to foreigners and in loading each man of rank home with rich presents, as a mark of our esteem, has lately drawn out persons of a very different cast; who have construed those acts of bounty into timorous fear and have attempted in consequence to exact by threats and menaces and force, the wealth of individuals; many thousands of whom they have imprisoned, murdered, and reduced to beggary, by means that would disgrace the most savage barbarians in Arabia, till at length the great men and leaders in Bengal, whose thirst for gold all the wealth of the country could not satisfy, formed a scheme and attempted to put it in execution, for plundering the whole country of Hindusthan, and for that purpose they have marched troops right across our territories, with intent first to rob the rich diamond countries, and then by forming a chain of posts, to hem in all the country, and render every power tributary, while their fleets and armies ravaged our sea-coasts; and to complete this execrable plan, some of the most infamous of our countrymen are kept in pay by them, to commit every act of violence, cruelty, and oppression, and to extort money from individuals; till their great leaders by their wealth have rendered themselves justly dreaded by any single prince or power.

But besides these men, others of a more infamous cast have lately arrived in Bengal, who affect the solemn gravity of old age sinking into eternity. Their heads, as my Vakeel informs me, are covered with a vast quantity of grey hair, taken from the horse or some other animal. They wear long robes, ornamented with the skin of the mongoose, or something resembling it; and are at times placed on high seats covered with black and ornamented with gold; and are called sometimes lords, sometimes judges, *by whichever name they can get the most money.* These men assume powers far superior to Princes and Emperors; they demand a large sum of money today, and if that is given to them, they repeat their demands for a much larger sum tomorrow; they send their servant for a larger sum the next day; and when they have stripped a man of his whole substance, and he cannot satisfy their voracious demands any farther, he is then dragged from his family by force, carried many hundred miles to Calcutta and there shut up for life in an old house, among the meanest wretches; or has a rope put about his neck and there swung in the air till he is dead, and his wives and children are left to starve and perish. These hateful men have committed innumerable robberies and murders, by the help of their servants who wear long black robes, and retain in their pay the most wicked and notorious of our countrymen, to single out the wealthiest inhabitants of Hindusthan; and we have lately found them attempting to put the Rajahs and Princes of the country to death, and all this by talking with their servants in a language we do not understand. Their thirst for gold and diamonds is so great that they have even robbed the East India Company of immense sums and ruined numbers of their own countrymen.

They are now attempting to hire forces to spread death and desolation over the greater part of this land, and to raise themselves on our ruins to imperial dignities; and if any individual attempt to resist their force, his destruction is the inevitable consequence. *If we do not, my fellow-countrymen, unite our interests and drive away these infamous invaders of rights and properties, we have nothing to expect but one by one to fall victims to their avarice and ambition.* If we join our forces and interests, our numbers are so infinitely superior to any the British nation can bring into the field to support these cursed men, that they will soon be necessitated to fly into the waters. The difficulties that we can throw into their way, by cutting off all provisions and supplies will soon put all their fortifications into our hands without the necessity of storming them. And you may be assured that the differences among themselves have so much oppressed the lower class of the British subjects, that we may have any number of them we please to assist us in fighting our battles. The divisions among them here are great; their wars with France, Spain, and their own kinsmen in America, will prevent England from sending any large armaments to the assistance of those wicked oppressors; and the quarrels and animosities of every settlement in Hindusthan have lately extended to such a height, that they have poisoned their leading men and murdered their governor for the sake of sharing our gold. They have not only plundered our defenceless countrymen, but they rob and butcher each other, and have stripped their very masters of all their wealth, and are ready to seize on their possessions. The immense sums of money and diamonds that have been collected throughout this continent for several years past by these men called lords and the several governors and their servants, as presents for the King of England, I am well assured have never come to his hands, but are intended to be employed against us to bring all under the subjection of those avaricious men, who set no bounds to their ambition. But in such a state of confusion and disorder, what have we to fear from a number so trifling when compared with ours?

If we are united together we can destroy them or drive them on board their ships at pleasure. If we are divided among ourselves, my fellow-countrymen, these wicked men will swallow us up one after another. Let us therefore resist this torrent of foreign outrage while we have it in our power. As to their allies, they are too insignificant to deserve notice; they have by their own villainy outwitted themselves; they have plotted and executed schemes of the most atrocious nature, and have been encouraged in their wickedness by those lords and great men, till they have completed the measure of their villainy, and then have been obliged to bribe those very men that countenanced them with their substance, to screen them from the rage and resentment of the public. And there is not an officer or soldier in the service of any of their allies that is not ready to mutiny and to quit their service and to enter into any other person's employment that will pay them regularly. As to their ships, though they may do us some damage on the sea-coast, *yet that damage cannot exceed the distance of cannon shot,* and they will soon leave our coasts when the sources of their dearly-loved gold and their provisions are cut off. And as to recruiting their army from Europe, the distance is too great to do it with any effect. In short, my countrymen, the millions we have at command, if we are determined to use our united strength, are sufficient to confine them at once within the walls of their forts, and either make them submit to our terms, or drive them into the sea as we please.

Let us therefore not hesitate a moment, nor give those monsters in human form an opportunity to stir up dissensions among us. Let us pledge our honour and all that is sacred to warriors to drive away for ever those common enemies, robbers and disturbers of mankind, and set an example worthy of men and princes. I with pleasure will take the lead in this undertaking, and neither spare labour nor expense till it is fully accomplished. What can I say more?" HAIDAR.

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